

SCOURGE

FOR THE

INCENDIARY.

*Quid immerentes hospites vexas, Canis?
Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum petis?*

*An, si quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer?*

HOR.



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SCOURGE

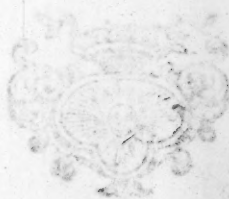
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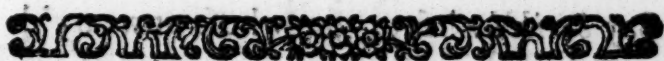
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A

Scourge, &c.

F Raught with Rebellions, Feuds,
and Murthers fell,
See Strife! and ***** start at once
from *Hell*;

The Furies *minion*! sent on Earth to sow,
Those Seeds of Wrath, that rankle *Hell*
below.

Store-House of Slander! Sense and Virtue's
Goad,

With Malice pregnant as the bloated Toad;
Whose filthy Pen, though venom'd to ex-
cess,

Still means more Mischief than it can ex-
press;

Of every Broil the Instrument and Cause;
Worm of all States; and Canker of all
Laws.

A

Say

Say Scribbler! say, you whose unweary'd
Spight,

Has rous'd the *Muse* your budding Hopes
to blight,

What Shield t' oppose, what Armor can
you bring,

To ward her *Satyr's* long deserved Sting?

No trivial Stripe, she does for you prepare,

But Lashes such as guilty Slaves shou'd bear,

Whose vile Ambition (to such rankness
grown)

Wou'd damn all publick Weal, to serve
their own.

From noxious Drugs, the Bane of human
Life,

(When dealt by such) Arose this *Son of*
Strife;

Who scarce a *Master* from a *Prentice* made,

Than he began to stink, his proper Trade;

And greedy of monopolizing gain,

* To cast an Odium on the *poysoning Train*.

* See Reader, if it yet exists, his first Libel called
Pharmacomastix; a Charge not without Foundation,
but how disinterested let the Town (who was then ac-
quainted with his small share of Business) judge.

But

But 'twas in vain of Evils he complain'd,
While the worst Evil, *he himself*, remain'd.
The *Commons* next the *Caitiff* does invade,
And fruitful Seeds of future Strife are
laid;

Peaceful till now each *Citizen* had dwelt,
Nor other Pangs, save those of Taxes, felt :
Jocose at Feasts, wou'd chuckle, drink,
and roar,

And liv'd as their Forefathers did before ;
Nor swoln with civic Spleen, nor Party
mad,

The *Pope*, and *French*, were all the Foes
they had ;

Till talk of *Charters*, and *infringed Rights*,
Comes like a Plague to poyson their De-
lights ;

No longer now in the same Round they
move,

But change to mutual Hate, their mutual
Love,

A sudden Rage does through all Bosoms fly,
They feel they're injur'd, and they know
not why.

All call for *Justice* ——— and to *Justice* run :
—— The Laws advise them civil strife to
shun,

With prudent Force their fury do restrain,
And render all this *Madman's* Projects vain.

Defeated thus, - - - what shall our *Hera*
do,

Unless some future Cause of Strife ensue ?
Lo! to his Wish, appears a *Play-house* Breil,
A happy Object for a *Patriot's* Toil!

Officious he! wou'd Amity restore,
And heal the Breach, by widening it the
more ;

The *Younkers* sham'd a *Veteran* shou'd ex-
cell,

Themselves, at Rioting they lov'd so well ;
Agreed at length the Quarrel to disown,
And left the *meddling Wretch* to bawl alone.

But as a *Cur* who, in the dead of Night,
Employs himself to bark at *Cynthia's* Light,
If chance a Traveller's Horse comes amb-
ling by,

This he forsakes, and at his Heels does fly ;
Till out of sight, he turns again, and soon
Resumes his broken Quarrel with the *Moon*.
Thus worsted at his late successful Fray,
He turns again the *Aldermen* to Bay,

Think

Thinking by force of Ribaldry to awe,
Those, whom he found he cou'd not quell
by Law.

They well foreknowing all this Rout did
tend

But to one Point, whate'er he did pretend ;
Contrives a shad'wy and fallacious *Bribe*,
At once th' *Incendiary* to expose and jibe ;
No hungry *Lawyer* eager for his Fee,
Cou'd snatch the proffer'd *Bait* so fast as he ;
Such little scruple sway'd the *Patriot's* Breast,
He only fear'd the *Seniors* were in jest ;
Till at long run, he finds unto his Cost,
They nothing gave, and his good Name
was lost.

After so plain so publick an Abuse,
Perhaps you'l think this *Fellow* wants ex-
cuse ?

A bashful *Rogue* wou'd here have drop'd
his Claim,

But ***** is too stout to yield to shame.
He but consented to this noble Gift,
But to pursue a still more noble drift,
Which was their *Charters*, and *themselves* }
to sift.

This *Feint*, as clumsy, let who will distrust,
His faithful *Commons* believe him, and we
must.

The *Muse* as weary of so base a *Theme*,
 Wou'd gladly here suspend her farther
 Flame,

But much shou'd we the *Hero's* Merits
 wrong,

Were yet his noblest *Virtues* left unsung ;
 Who don't admire that dignity of Soul,
 That dares both *Laws* and *Magistrates* con-
 trol,

That Sense of *inward Worth*, that makes
 him still,

Contend for *Honours* though against his
Will ;

Of his own fancy'd *Parts*, that generous
 Pride

That makes him think all others *Fools* be-
 side ;

That ready *Wit*, and sharpness of *Reply*,
 He dares give every *honest Man* the lye ;

That scorn to *Flattery*, that still best is seen,
 In his own cringing and obsequious *Mien* ;

That love to *Merit*, which is only known,
 By damning others, to cry up his *own* ;

And last that *Thrift*, that teaches him to
 save,

And scorn those *Riches*, Fortune never gave.

But

But *Reader*! if indulgent to your Will,
I have thus far pursu'd the *Muse's* Skill ;
Indulge me in your turn, and lend an Ear,
To what the *Muse* requests you now to
hear.

Suppose yourself transported to some Hall,
Where rival *Candidates* for Voices bawl,
First of the Train see Patriot ***** stand !
A Ring, and *Handkerchief* adorns his Hand ;
His Gesture, graceful, confident, and bold,
And such as *Tully* us'd himself of old ;
The raptur'd *Commons* scarce their Joy
can contain,
While he harangues them in this lofty
Strain.

“ O *Gentlemen*! be wise! be brave! be free!
“ For what is sweeter, than sweet *Liberty*?
“ A thing you all have priv'ledge to enjoy,
“ Did not vile *Aldermen* the same destroy ;
“ These like * fat *Bulls* of *Basan* hem us
“ round,
“ To tread each honest *Freeman* to the
“ Ground,

* A very ingenious conceit of the *Patriot's*, which
he is so fond of as to utter in all Companies.

“ But

" But we have *Mastiffs* who their Rage do
 " Scorn,
 " Resolv'd to pull them down by Nose and
 " Horn;
 " And who do you think those generous
 " *Cats* should be,
 " Why who forsooth but little **** and
 " *Me*;
 " 'Tis true, like *Dogs* we quartel'd 'bout
 " the Bone,
 " While yet the *Prey* suffic'd but one alone,
 " But since sufficient is, for both to gnaw,
 " We snarl no more, but give to each his
 " Paw.
 " By our Endeavours blest, you now may
 " hope,
 " To quell the *French*, the *Aldermen*, and
 " *Pope*;
 " The *Man* has Parts as you yourselves may
 " see,
 " And can harangue almost as well as *Me*.
 " Then let us both your equal Favours }
 " snare, }
 " And uninfluenc'd or by *Pelf* or fear, }
 " Shew, in electing Us, how much you
 " dare, }

This

(11)
This noble *Speech* the *Commons* ardor wakes,
And with loud shouts the frighted *Fabrick*
shakes,
The circling *Bumper* speaks each *Mans*
consent,
And all is joy diffus'd, and deep content ;
And least th' *Oration* shou'd have seem'd
too long,
**** cheers their Spirits with a bawdy Song;
Th' admiring *Tradesmen* smitten with his
Noise,
And Ape-like Gesture, laugh a loud ap-
plause ;
Swear that no pow'r their *Genius* can with-
stand,
And these the *Patriots*, fit to save a Land.

But if O *Ireland*! happy still and free,
You claim a Share in *England's* Liberty,
If with her *Lions* you your *Harp* combine,
And make one third of *Britain's* Glory thine,
Be noble still, nor brook a vulgar Race,
Of upstart *Elves*, your *Honours* shou'd dis-
grace.

To *Worth* alone your Dignities bestow ;
And sam'd for *Justice* once, --- be ever so.

F I N I S.



This noble spirit shed a warm and welcome
 And kindled in the hearts of all
 The swelling banner broke each nation
 And all is in confusion and deep content
 And both in Order should have been
 too long
 They cheer their spirit with a bawdy song
 The stinging language finish with his
 And the life of the people laugh a loud ap-
 plause
 Sweet that no power their Gait can with-
 stand
 And that the people, let us have a Land

But if O Britain happy fill and face
 You claim a share in Britain's Liberty
 It with her Love you your Map combine
 And make one kind of Britain's Glory shine
 Be noble still, nor break a single trace
 Of opposite Race, your Honour should dis-
 grace
 With love your Dignities below



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